

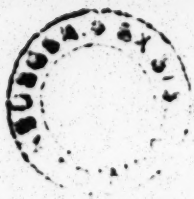
TO THE  
**EXEQUIES**

OF THE HONOURABLE,  
<sup>S.</sup>  
**ANTONYE ALEXANDER,**  
KNIGHT, &c.

*A Pastorall Elegie.*



EDINBURGH,  
Printed in King James his College,  
by George Anderson, 1638.







\* \*  
\*

A Coffin! of our Joyes which had the Trust,  
Which told that Thou was come; but chang'd in Dust:  
Scarce, even when felt, could I believe this wrake,  
Nor that thy tyme and glory Heavens would break.  
Now since I cannot see my *Alcons* Face,  
And finde nor Vowes, nor Prayers to have place  
With guiltie Starres, this Mountaine shall become  
To mee a sacred Altar, and a Tombe  
To famous *Alcon*: heere, as Dayes, Months, Yeares  
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will teares:  
Heere spend my remnant Tyme, exil'd from Mirth,  
Till Death in end turne Monarch of my Earth.

Sheepheards on *Forth*, and yee by *Doven* Rockes,  
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your Flockes,  
Pay Tribute heere of Teares, yee never had,  
To aggravate your Moanes a cause more sad.  
And to their Sorrowes hither bring your Mandes,  
Charged with sweetest Flowres, and with pure Hands  
(Faire Nymhes) the blushing Hyacinth and Rose  
Spred on the Place his Relicks doth enclose,  
Weave Garlands to his Memorie, and put  
Over his Hearse, a Verse in Cypresse cut:  
„ *Vertue* did die, *Goodnesse* but harme did give,  
„ Alter the noble *Alcon* left to live,  
„ *Freindship* an Earth-quake suffer'd; loosing Him,  
„ *Loves* brightest *Constellation* turned Dim.

